

School for Housewives

By Marion Harland

The Housewife's Exchange

By MARION HARLAND

O. C. O. MUST be happy with such an appreciative husband. Life's burdens must be light when one has such a partner. I did not dream that "J. C. O." meant diamonds, pearls, silks and satins, but wondered what she called "luxuries which made life worth living."

I would like to let "J. C. O.'s" husband know that I don't belong to the class of women who spend a half-day gossiping with their neighbors. I do not even find time to call on my friends very often, as my housework is not done satisfactorily, although I have a so-called competent servant.

I also know how to work systematically, yet circumstances sometimes overthrow system. I do not desire "J. C. O.'s" yet address, as I do not care for any proof in regard to what he says.

I am glad one woman's work is truly appreciated!

A. S.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMER'S WIFE LAY A-DYING AFTER SEVENTY years of life and fifty years of steady drudgery as housekeeper and mother. As the end grew visibly near the husband stooped to her ear, the tears forcing their way from his eyes and down his rugged cheeks.

"Goodbye, Hannah! You have always been a good wife to me!" came with a straining sob.

The glazed eyes opened; the numb hand was raised in a reluctant gesture.

"Then why, in the name of mercy, didn't you ever tell me so before?"

The whisper was her last breath.

Alas! my brothers! Tell the faithful, brave, overworked wives the blessed truth before the tonic comes too late to brace the spirit and tide nervous forces over the sandbars that ridge the channel of week-day toil.

OUR house the wallpaper in the hallway, stairway and vestibule is all falling off from the wall. This is the third time we have had it papered within two years and each time, a few weeks after it is put on, it begins to crack and fall off. The walls are free from dampness and it seems that where it is most dry (the third-story hall, it falls off first. We have had three different paper hangers do the work, and each one thoroughly sized the walls, but with the same result. I would be glad to learn of any preparation we could put on the walls to make the paper stay on. I do not like to paint my hall, but if the paper will not stay on I shall be compelled to paint.

PERPLEXED.

THE MEMORY OF A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE IS FRESH IN MY MIND. But in my house the paper dropped—"crawled," the workmen called it—in a single night. I shall never forget the blank desolation of the walls and the crumpled masses of "decorative" matter at the base. Paper No. 2 said the wall should have been scraped and very slightly roughened before the sizing was put on. The next application held fast, and we have had no trouble with it since. Try vigorous scrubbing, then scraping, lastly scratching, giving the paper something to hold by.

MAY I tell you what I do with your recipes? It may be of some use to some other reader.

I cut them out of the paper—each recipe separately—and paste them in an old composition book (a relic from my school days) in the order they would come in course of dinner. This keeps them from getting lost and they are so arranged that any recipe is easily and quickly found. While not having any use for them myself, I enjoy keeping them, and hope the above may be of use to some other person.

INTERESTED.

IF A MAJORITY OF OUR READERS WOULD IMITATE THE EXAMPLE of our friend, who, I hope and believe, will yet have use for the compiled recipes, my patience and that of many others would be less sorely taxed by the importunities of "repeaters." Some recipes have appeared ten times each in these columns within the year.

IN HINTS for the housewife I note a request that some one would inform the writer how to repair shirt waists that are worn under the arm, and I give my method, hoping it will benefit others as it has helped me. Rip the under arm seam and partly rip out the sleeves. Then take off the piece under the arm, cutting down from the front side of the armhole. Then take the left piece for the right, turning it up-side down. That will make it whole under the arms, and bring the worn part below the belt—where patches will not show.

MRS. U.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA WOMAN "RISES TO EXPLAIN" SOMETHING of use to the seeking sisterhood. The wash of the widening "Circle" that takes in the Pacific coast is a marked and increasing benefit to the "Exchange."

I SEE one woman allows three dollars and a half per week for each member of her family. Now, in our family there are three adults.

I manage on four dollars a week, that buying all the food and the cooking fuel for the three of us. I have for breakfast a cereal and cream, Raisin cereal coffee, whole wheat bread and butter, cooked fruit, and either fried potatoes, fried mush, eggs cooked in some way or fried rice balls, etc.

Here is the menu for a week's dinners:

1. Baked beans, baked potatoes, baked apples, whole wheat bread and butter (always).
2. Egg omelet, fried apples, cereal coffee.
3. Fried ham, greens, mashed potatoes, canned peaches.
4. Egg on toast, corn soufflé, canned pears.
5. Bean soup, lettuce salad, brown bread and butter, rhubarb pie.
6. Boiled onions, cheese, dried beef, cream pie.
7. (Sunday) Escalloped potatoes, stuffed calves' hearts, bananas and cream, cakes.

For our evening meal often I warm over in some tempting way a portion of the dinner, or sometimes I have oatmeal, fruit, cake and tea.

MRS. G. S. A.

IT MAY SEEM UNGRACIOUS TO POINT OUT TO OUR INTELLIGENT and thrifty member from Ohio that certain articles upon her ingeniously varied menus are not considered wholesome by the best authorities upon dietetics. Fried ham and dried beef are difficult of digestion to many well-regulated stomachs, and canned fruits—if bought from the average grocer—are, to say the least, equivocal. The only unsalted meat that graced her table during the week—calves' heart—is less digestible than beef or mutton. I note that rhubarb and cream pie relieve "canned goods" on Friday and Saturday. I wish she had given a recipe for each, that we might compute what proportion of the four dollars per week these bore. Pies—palatable pies—flaky as to pastry, and luscious as to contents, are expensive luxuries, and not wholesome.

But the vegetarians, and, as with this household, semi-vegetarians, bear off the palm of economy from flesh eaters. Meat is a heavy item in the weekly bills when of fair quality. When indifferent, it is unmanageable, indigestible and altogether abominable. Better a diet of brown bread and butter, baked apples and lettuce salad.

I SAW a request for pie crust a short time ago, and I will send one which is very good. I never could make pie crust twice the same until I got this recipe. Now it is always good.

Have any of the housewives tried a narrow strip of muslin wet in cold water and drawn tightly around a fruit pie to prevent the juice from running out? If not, try it.

If I see these are worth adding to your list of recipes I will come again.

E. B. S.

SEE RECIPE COLUMN FOR PIE CRUST FORMULA (FROM COLORADO)—Now—"Come again."

Some Beauty Dons' for Your Complexion

DON'T be afraid of sunshine. Curative powers are in the chemical rays of the sun, and they rejuvenate.

Don't think of the complexion only and fear tan and freckles; they can be removed. The sun is one of the most efficient of all surgical methods in the treatment of morbid growths, as warts, moles and all parasitical skin diseases.

Don't use borax and rosewater to remove tan and freckles in the seduction of a little cold cream afterwards, for borax makes the skin dry.

Don't use soap on the face oftener than once a day. Night is the best time for a thorough cleansing.

Don't use cold water when giving the face a cosmetic scrub. Warm water, followed by a dash of cold water, is better.

Don't try to put cold cream on a cold skin, or the absorption will not be thorough.

Don't despise the humble lemon. With the juice of a lemon and the beaten white of an egg, scrub the face in hand, may touch up her freckles in the seduction of her boudoir, and no one be the wiser.

Don't forget that vinegar will eradicate

yellow stains from the face. Bathe the bruise at once with vinegar and discoloration will be prevented.

Don't have a shiny nose and forehead, because it is warm weather. Use a little cologne or spirits of camphor in the water when bathing the face.

Don't wash your face in cold water the moment you reach a washstand if you have been traveling. Remove traces of dust and smoke with cold cream, and wipe off with a soft towel.

Don't be afraid of the flesh brush or glove. Friction rouses the circulation and restores tone and color to the skin.

Don't expect to cure an eruption on the face by external applications only. A hot foot bath, containing washing soda, will often cure this trouble.

Don't be afraid of using a little rice powder on the face, neck and arms if troubled with prickly heat.

Don't use alcohol on the face unless the skin is oily.

Don't use tincture of benzoin on the face unless the skin is dry. It is detrimental to a preparation excellent in itself, but not suited to every complexion.

Types of American Professional Women

A TEACHER OF WHIST



Drawn especially for this newspaper by Malcolm Strauss, the noted illustrator.

Being an accomplished player she adopted the novel profession of whist-teacher when money reverses came, and is making a success of it. Her work lies entirely among society men and women who are desirous of learning the fashionable game.

Some Good Recipes by Correspondents

SOFT COOKIES

Three cups of New Orleans molasses.
Three cups of shortening.
Four eggs.

Two teaspoonfuls of soda and spice to taste.

Beat the eggs light, then add the rest of the ingredients. Mix rather stiff, and roll not too thin. Cut out and bake. If properly made they will be very light and soft.

BOILED BROWN BREAD

One cup each of Graham flour and of Indian meal, sifted twice together with a scant teaspoonful of salt and two even teaspoonfuls of baking soda. One cup of lopped milk, half a cup of molasses and as much lukewarm water. A dozen seeded raisins, cut in half and well floured.

Mix molasses, milk and water together, stir in by the handful the prepared meal and flour; beat steadily three minutes before putting in the raisins. Turn into a well-greased tin with a tight top, and boil steadily for three hours. Leave room for rising.

Dip the mould into cold water to loosen the bread from the sides; turn out and cut hot.

A cheap and good recipe.

MY PIE-CRUST

(Contributed.)
One and one-half cups of flour.
One half cup of lard.
One-fourth cup of water.

A piece of butter the size of a walnut.

Salt to suit.
Work flour, lard, butter and salt well together, and add water, but do not knead more than can be helped.

This is for one large pie, or it will make three crusts for medium tins. Bake the extra crust, and have it ready for cream pie next day, or make into tarts if they are liked.

E. B. S. (Colorado.)

WHEAT GRIDDLE CAKES

(Contributed.)
One and a half cups of sour milk.
One egg.
Two teaspoonfuls of flour.
One teaspoonful of salt.
One teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water.

STILL ANENT PIE-CRUST

Before putting my pies into the oven I brush them over the top with a little sugar and milk. They come out beautifully brown.

L. M.

Good Advice to Mothers

By MARION HARLAND

I HAVE a friend whose baby got big and fat and solid on the following: Take some good white flour, say a cupful, tie in a nice thin cloth and put it in a kettle of cold water, set on the fire and let it boil two hours or longer. Take it out of the cloth and pour its fluid a crust of brown all around the flour, which you can peel off like the skin of a banana. The inside is the pure stuff, which looks as white as chalk and gets as hard. A little of this scraped into baby's milk only sufficiently thick to allow it to pass through the nipple, and it is the finest thing out. I do hope someone will try it and write results to you in a month or two from now, and I hope it will help some poor little infant to get fat.

I would like to ask a few questions which can be answered any time through the paper.

Is there any truth in the idea that all babies should have a mark—bright red—either on the forehead or on the neck, or is a birthmark of a bluish color? My baby has a red line on his face, right over his nose, and I have been told it will disappear. Others say it will not. And do you know whether or not it would leave a scar after having it removed?

E. I. L. K.

1. THE SAME PREPARATION OF BOILED FLOUR IS EXCELLENT diet for children, and even adults, when suffering from disease of the bowels. It is easily assimilated, nutritious and healing.

2. Let the birthmark alone! The probability is that it will fade out in time. If it should not, a good surgeon can easily remove it, leaving little or no scar.

A BORN mother—and a happy—talks to us out of the fullness of her satisfied heart. (By the way, is the heart of a childless woman ever quite satisfied?) My daughter, who has been away from home for the first time teaching school, writes of some of the children: "Their lives have been so starved! None of the little surprises and good times that we always had. I have had more good times in a year than they have had in all their lives."

Here I will say of my daughter that she never thinks of a chaperon as a "spy."

I have renewed my youth in going about with her, and she likes to have me go. Sometimes she goes with only an escort, but always with a definite place and specified time; never just "bumming around," as I have heard some girls say. When asked, "Did you tell your mother?" she replied, "Of course! I always tell her everything." Now, a young man will be careful of his words and manners before a girl who always "tells mother everything."

To the mother whose baby is "as lively as a cricket," I would say the baby probably throws up its milk because its stomach is too full. If it had stomach trouble there would be other symptoms. The little one I saw last summer did not weigh as much at six months old as when it was born. It threw up everything I am happy to say that at last found a formula for preparing its food so that it agreed with the stomach, and now the baby is well and hearty. If your baby looks well and acts well, why, of course, it is well, and you must not give it medicine or change its food.

A MORE THAN CONTENTED WOMAN.

A NUT OF WISDOM LIES IN THE LAST CLAUSE OF THIS COM-mensurable epistle. If your baby looks well, eats well and grows well, it is well, let the gossip and vendors of old wives' superstitions croak as they may. Minor irregularities will adjust themselves by and by. Sickly children are neither happy nor plump.

IN OUR family there are three girls and two boys—two married daughters and one unmarried, two brothers marriageable. My father died some years ago. He had no favorites. All were the same to him. My mother always favored her boys. The worst act her sons committed was better in her eyes than the best act her daughters could do. Although there were times when she came ill, and either of the two married girls would willingly leave her family and do anything to comfort her, still such acts never softened her. We would call and see her regularly, send her grandchildren to see her, and all of them dearly loved her, although she never showed any special love for them. Neither of the married daughters ever asked a favor, or ever caused her to blush. Her boys are simply her idols. They are very good men; still, her daughters are their equals, and the one girl still at home is a precious jewel, if she could only see it as others do.

When our father died he left a handsome estate, and left it all for his wife to dispose of, verbally requesting her to "share it alike with all the children." Now she has her will made, and her daughters receive a few hundred apiece; the rest goes to her boys.

Now what I want to know is this: Should she receive the respect and love an impartial parent should have?

H. A. R.

THE UNJUST AND INJUDICIOUS PARTIALITY OF PARENTS FOR ONE child above the rest has wrought misery in the family since Jacob set Joseph above the heads of his brethren, and nearly cost his darling his life as well as his liberty. In all ages children, grieved to the soul or angered into undutiful hatred of those who brought them into the world, have stood with the elder brother of the parable without the father's door and rehearsed to their hot hearts the tale of what they had deserved and never got.

The letter above is in the same key:

"Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, and yet—"

The father of the prodigal made a fair defense. This is not the place to analyze it, or to hint at special pleading. Turn we to the main count in the accusation against this mother. Her sin—for it is that, and nothing less—is common and without excuse. The story is but one more of a mother's preference for her sons above her daughters. It is said by students of human nature that the question of sex enters into this partiality. However that may be, the wrong done to innocent daughters is inexcusable and unnatural. In the instance before us weak and wicked idolatry of her sons—because they are sons—would seem to have swallowed up every just principle and womanly feeling.

A woman cannot guard herself too sedulously against such horrible perversion of mother love. It is like poisoning a fountain at the source.

I HAVE read lately a great deal in regard to "baby's food." Having lived frequently where I could not obtain cows' milk easily, I have used condensed milk, with good results. My best success, however, was with my last baby. When a few weeks old he was sick. I gave food of nearly all kinds, and none agreed with him, until I was advised to try "barley water." He got fat and strong, and our "barley baby" is toughest and healthiest of all. He is nearly three years old now, and people say "What a sturdy little fellow!" He is never sick. It is the first child that walked under fifteen months. He is the seventh baby and walked at ten months.

The barley diet has the advantages of being wholesome and agreeing with the most delicate stomach and is a blessing to those in slim circumstances.

Prepare three tablespoonfuls of barley (whole); add one quart of water; simmer slowly till about half boiled down; strain; add either cows' or condensed milk. I keep it in a jar and use as I need it. Keep it cool. The older the child grows, add more barley and less milk. Also when teething put a string of "Job's tears" around his neck. I have used them on seven babies, and never knew when they were teething.

A MOTHER.

WHAT ARE "JOB'S TEARS" AND WHAT POSSIBLE EFFECT CAN THEY have upon the sprouting teeth and the swelling gums?

Will "A Mother" enlighten us?

I MARRIED my first cousin—the oldest daughter of my father's brother. Our children are strong, healthy, morally normal. As a rule, consanguinity may not be right. I can readily understand that. My reason for flying in the face of popular disapproval was the simple one that up to my meeting my present wife, when I was over 25 years old, I never felt that peculiar instinct (called animal magnetism or love or what not, which is unfailing in a good man and true, or woman for that matter, when he or she meets the predestined mate.

A. W. ye C. C. C.

"Keroo" is the Latest in Decorative Art

WHAT are you doing now?" said the girl who only looked on to her friend, who went in for every new fad that came along.

"I suppose you've tired of pyrography and basketry and the last embroidery stitch, by this time."

"Oh, as for all that," laughed the other, "the stick is no longer new, basketry is a lack number, and as for pyrography, that's pretty near a prehistoric myth. So I've given them up, besides, it's well to be off with the old love, you know, before you're on with the new. Guess what my new love is. No, you may as well give it up, for, of course, you never heard of it. Its name is 'Keroo.' Isn't that deliciously musical and mysterious?"

"But what does it do or what do you do with it?" queried the properly mystified friend.

"Well, in the first place, you must know that the word is of classical origin. It is with the pointed end of the stirring rod. After it is cool the frame may be trimmed with a knife or scissors to the desired shape.

And longed to do something more with them than to drop stupid little daubs on an envelope and, presto!

It consisted of a small alcohol lamp, a wooden block upon which the lamp stood and a metal plate supported over the lamp by three brass rods. Then there were sticks of sealing wax of every conceivable hue, an aluminum stirring rod and a square of glass upon which the hot sticks are laid after being used. The enthusiastic worker in Keroo then explained that the effects produced resemble enamel. Colours can be imitated by using the stunged sealing wax as a background and pure colors for the design. Very pretty results are also obtained in mosaic effects. Among the various little articles made of this new medium for decoration are photograph-frames. These are made of cardboard. The wax is heated and dropped on the card, then heated again and blended with the pointed end of the stirring rod. After it is cool the frame may be trimmed with a knife or scissors to the desired shape.